



"Music has Power to melt the Soul."



"Music has Power to melt the Soul."

THE
NEW UNIVERSAL
STORY-TELLER,

OR,
A Picture of Human Life.

CONTAINING A GREATER VARIETY OF
VALUABLE AND ENTERTAINING
MATTER,

THAN WAS EVER GIVEN IN ANY BOOK OF THE KIND.

CALCULATED FOR THE
PLEASURE and IMPROVEMENT of READERS
of EVERY CLASS.

Suited for the PARLOUR or KITCHEN.

S O U T H W A R K : -

PRINTED BY W. KEMMISH, 17, KING-STREET, BOROUGH.

M DCC XCVII.

PRICE SIX-PENCE.

STORY-TELLER

A Picture of Human Life

THE STORY-TELLER

THE STORY-TELLER

THE STORY-TELLER

THE STORY-TELLER

THE STORY-TELLER

THE STORY-TELLER

THE STORY-TELLER

THE STORY-TELLER

THE STORY-TELLER

THE STORY-TELLER

THE STORY-TELLER

THE STORY-TELLER

THE STORY-TELLER



THE
NEW UNIVERSAL
STORY-TELLER.

AN EXTRAORDINARY LEGEND.

MMURROUGH, a descendant of the famous king of Leinster, who invited the Earl of Pembroke into Ireland, by the bounty and hospitality of his life, became extremely popular and beloved. Though he had lost the royal hereditary honors of his illustrious house, he yet retained all the respect due to sovereignty; and in short, was howed to by his numerous family, tenantry, and the people in general, as submissively as if he really wore the crown of his ancestors. Fifty children, grandchildren, and relations, fed every day at his board, and as many individuals were made happy with the fragments.

But although the mind of Murrough was thus happy, altho' he rested thus secure in the confidence of mankind, he was yet unsafe—the shafts of envy were ready to assail him, and danger lurked in the moment of rational security.

Murrough used frequently to ride many miles, attended only by an approving conscience, and the retrospect of virtue; and this singular custom was well known through the country.

In one of those solitary excursions, on a summer evening, when the sun began to gild the western mountains, and when all nature appeared clothed in serenity; he observed a naked infant boy, who seemed to be about three years of age, running on before him at the distance of about twenty yards: the sight though singular, did not at first, much affect our reverend traveller, who imagined that the child belonged to some cottage in or near the neighbourhood; but after riding near a mile, the old man called out, but the child continued his progression, only turning round, displaying an angel smile, beckoned to be followed. After running about a mile further, the surprize of old Murrough was in some degree abated, for the seraphic guide as in the end he proved to be, turned off the road, and entered a respectable farm house at a small distance.

If the child had been certainly mortal, curiosity alone would have induced the old man to enquire at the house how it came to be so far from home, and naked; but the fact was, that he now thought the thing altogether wonderful, and worthy of enquiry.

Accordingly our traveller rode up to the door, and desired to see the child that had just entered, and to know if he belonged to the house. The good woman whom he addressed, knew of no child! the young men and women were all grown up, and the family numerous: she ended with observing, that it was no child, but an angel who had been sent from Heaven for his protection, and pressed our venerable traveler to continue 'till morning.

The astonishment natural to an event so very uncommon, induced our traveller to alight; but after some conversation with the family, and a recollection of his conscious innocence, he determined to proceed. At the moment he attempted to mount his horse, he received a severe slap on the right side of his face, which at once deciding the question, he returned; and, dispatching a messenger home with an account of what had happened, remained at the farm-house.

The next morning the whole country was in a state of consternation at the melancholy fate of an elderly gentleman, who had been assassinated by one Kevænagh, who being apprehended and convicted, confessed at his execution, that he mistook his man, and that envy at the universal good name of Murrough, had alone stimulated him to put an end to his life. In the province of Leinster this story is universally known, and implicitly believed: the blow which the old man received, left a mark that remained for life.

FLORENTINE.—A TALE.

PETER and John de Medicis were sons to the Great Duke Cosmo I.—The former died in the Spanish service but the latter was made a cardinal, though he was but nineteen years old at the time of his death; the circumstances of which, caused a very great affliction to the whole family. As he and his brother Garfias were one day hunting, they happened to quarrel; or, according to others, they being of a furious, malignant disposition, watched an opportunity of surprising his elder brother, to whom he always bore a grudge, and stabbed him with a dagger. After this murder, Garfias went back to his companions, neither his countenance nor behaviour betraying any thing extraordinary to have happened. Prince John's horse soon after returned without his rider; and the company, by tracing the print of the horse's feet, found the prince lying dead on the ground. When the news of this unhappy event reached the great duke's ears, he gave orders that the suspicious part of the affair should be kept secret, and caused it to be given out that his son died suddenly in an apoplectic fit as he was hunting: but he ordered the body to be brought into an apartment in the palace, and his other son Garfias (from whose malignity and depravity of mind he suspected the true state of the affair) to be immediately sent for. Being charged with murder, he at first audaciously, and with no small resentment, denied the charge; but being brought to the body of the deceased, which, at the presence of the murderer began to bleed afresh, he threw himself at his father's feet, and confessed the fact. Upon this Cosmo admonished his son to call upon God for mercy; adding, that he ought to account it a happiness that he was a going to lose his life, of which he was now become unworthy, by the hand of him alone from which he had received it. At these words he took the dagger from Garfias's side, which he had made use of as the instrument of his unnatural revenge, and plunged it into his son's heart, who fell down close to the dead body of his brother, and expired. This happened to be in the year 1562; Garfias being then but fifteen years of age. Very few were privy to this melancholy transaction, and it was given out that the two brothers were suddenly taken off by a contagious distemper which at that time raged in Florence. To put a better gloss upon this tragical event, they were both buried in great funeral pomp; and Garfias was honoured with a public funeral oration. The Duchess Eleonora, mother of these two princes, a very excellent lady, was so affected with the tragical death of her two sons, that she survived them but a few days.

ARRIA AND PÆTUS.—A TALE.

IN the reign of Claudius the Roman emperor, Arria, the wife of Cæcinnæ Pætus, was an illustrious pattern of magnanimity and conjugal affection.

It happened that her husband and her son were both, at the same time, attacked with a dangerous illness. The son died. He was a youth endowed with every quality of mind and person which could endear him to his parents. His mother's heart was torn with all the anguish of grief; yet she resolved to conceal the distressing event of her husband. She prepared and conducted his funeral so privately, that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever she came into her husband's bed-chamber, she pretended her son was better; and, as often as he enquired after his health, would answer, that he had rested well, or had eaten with an appetite. When she found that she could no longer restrain her grief, but her tears were gushing out, she would leave the room, and, having given vent to her passion, return again with dry eyes and a serene countenance, as if she had left her sorrow behind her at the door of the chamber.

Camillus Scribonianus, the governor of Dalmatia, having taken up arms against Claudius, Pætus joined himself to his party, and was soon after taken prisoner, and brought to Rome. When the guards were going to put him on board the ship, Arria besought them that she might be permitted to go with him. "Certainly," said she, "you cannot refuse a man of consular dignity, as he is, a few attendants to wait upon him; but, if you will take me, I alone will perform their office." This favour, however was refused; upon which she hired a small fishing-vessel, and boldly ventured to follow the ship.

Returning to Rome, Arria met the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, who pressing her to discover all that she knew of the insurrection,—"What!" said she, "shall I regard thy advice, who saw thy husband murdered in thy very arms, and yet survive him?"

Pætus being condemned to die, Arria formed a deliberate resolution to share his fate, and made no secret of her intention. Thrasea, who married her daughter, attempting to dissuade her from her purpose, among other arguments which he used, said to her, "Would you then, if my life were to be taken from me, advise your daughter to die with me?" "Most certainly I would," she replied, "if she had lived as long, and in as much harmony with you, as I have lived with Pætus."

Perishing

Persisting in her determination, she found means to provide herself with a dagger; and one day, when she observed a more than usual gloom on the countenance of Pætus, and perceived that death by the hand of the executioner appeared to him more terrible than in the field of glory—perhaps, too, sensible that it was chiefly for her sake that he wished to live—she drew the dagger from her side, and stabbed herself before his eyes. Then instantly plucking the weapon from her breast, she presented it to her husband, saying, “My Pætus, it is not painful.”

STORY OF THE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE following little narrative, which exhibits to the reader of sensibility a lively portrait of filial affection on the one hand, furnishes, on the other, a trait highly expressive of that benevolence, which so eminently distinguished the character of that illustrious prince, who knew so well how to reward it.

A gentleman of Sweden was condemned to suffer death, as a punishment for certain offences committed by him in the discharge of an important public office, which he had filled for a number of years with an integrity that had never before undergone either suspicion or impeachment. His son, a youth of about eighteen years of age, was no sooner apprized of the predicament to which the wretched author of his being was reduced, than he flew to the judge, who had pronounced the fatal decree, and, throwing himself at his feet, prayed that he might be allowed to suffer in the room of a father whom he adored, and whose loss he declared it was impossible for him to survive.

The magistrate was thunderstruck at this extraordinary procedure in the son, and could hardly be persuaded that he was sincere in it. Being at length satisfied, however, that the young man actually wished for nothing more ardently than to save his father's life, at the expence of his own, he wrote an account of the whole affair to the king; and the consequence was, that his majesty immediately dispatched back the courier, with orders to grant a free pardon to the father, and to confer a title of honour on his incomparable son.

This last mark of royal favour, however, the youth begged leave with all humility to decline; and the motive for his

* In the Tatler, No. 72, a fancy piece is drawn, founded on the principal fact in this story, but wholly fictitious in the circumstances of the tale. The author, mistaking Cæcina Pætor for Thrasca Pætus, has accused even Nero unjustly, charging him with an action which certainly belonged to Claudius. See Pliny's Epistles, Book III, Ep. 16, Dion Cassius, Lib. LX, and Tacitus, Lib. xvi, § 35.—E.

refusal of it was not less noble, than the conduct by which he had deserved it was generous and disinterested.

"Of what avail," exclaimed he, "could the most exalted title be to me, humbled as my family are, already in the dust!—Alas! would it not serve but as a monument, to perpetuate in the minds of my countrymen the direful remembrance of an unhappy father's shame!"

His majesty actually shed tears when this magnanimous speech was reported to him; and, sending for the heroic youth to court, he appointed him directly to the office of his private confidential secretary.

ACCOUNT OF THE BOHON-UPAS, OR POISON-TREE,
OF THE ISLAND OF JAVA. FROM THE TRAVELS
OF MR. FOERSECH, A DUTCH SURGEON.

THE bohon-upas grows in the island of Java, at the distance of about twenty-seven leagues from Batavia, and of fourteen from Soura Charta, where the emperor resides. This place is surrounded by hills and lofty mountains; the neighbouring plains, to the distance of ten or twelve miles, are absolutely barren, and the country every where frightful. A Malayan priest lives in that part of the mountains to which there is easiest access; and it is from his habitation that the criminals depart to seek for the poison in which the natives of Java dip the points of their weapons; it is very dear, and brings a considerable revenue to the emperor.

This poison is a kind of gum which distils from the bark, and even from the wood. The only persons who collect it are condemned criminals, who may chuse either to die by the executioner, or attempt to bring back a box of the poison of the bohon-upas. They generally accept the latter proposition; for besides the hopes of saving their lives, they are certain, if they return, of being maintained ever afterwards at the emperor's expence; they may also ask him a favor, which he often grants. On setting out, they receive a box made of silver, or tortoise-shell, and are instructed in what manner to conduct themselves in this dangerous expedition. They are recommended to travel with great quickness, to watch for that time when the wind, blowing in their backs, carries before it the noxious exhalations of the bohon-upas; they are afterwards sent to the house of the priest, to which their friends and relations accompany them; where they generally remain some days, waiting for a favorable wind, during which the priest, who is stationed there by the emperor on purpose, prepares them for the work, by exhortations and prayer.

At

At their departure, this priest covers their heads with a leather cap, which descends to the breast : in this cap there are two holes filled with glass sights to admit the light : he gives them also leather gloves ; and with their friends and relations, accompanies them two or three miles ; then repeats his instructions, shews them a little hill they must ascend, behind which runs a small rivulet, whose course conducts directly to the bohon-upas ; and then bids them adieu : these miserable victims pursue their way in great haste ; while the priest prays to God and Mahomet to grant them a safe return.

During the course of thirty years, this holy man had sent about seven hundred criminals in this manner, and no more than twenty of them returned.

This tree grows on the brink of the rivulet mentioned by the priest, is of a moderate size, surrounded by five or six young trees of the same species, and neither plant nor shrub is to be found near it. The earth in which it grows is of a brownish colour, full of pebbles, and covered with skeletons and the remains of dead bodies. This tree is considered as the instrument of Mahomet's wrath, and to die by its effects is accounted honourable ; for this reason the criminals who go in quest of the poison, are clothed in their richest attire.

No living creature is to be found within five miles of this tree ; and the waters near it do not contain fish ; rats, mice, nor vermin of any kind, are seen in its neighbourhood ; and birds which approach too near it, are overpowered by its effluvia, and instantly die. Some of the criminals in returning have seen them drop at their feet, and have brought them to the old Malayan priest.

In the month of February 1776, the writer of this account was present at Soura Charta, during the execution of thirteen of the emperor's concubines, convicted of infidelity. About eleven in the morning, they were conducted to a square opposite the palace, where the judge sentenced them to suffer death, by the prick of a lancet, poisoned with the gum of the bohon-upas. When sentence was passed, the Alcoran was presented them, to swear that the accusations were just, and that the sentence was equitable ; which they did, by laying the right-hand on the book, the left upon the breast, and lifting up their eyes to heaven. The judge then made them kiss the Alcoran, after which the executioner proceeded to inflict the punishment in this manner : three stakes were driven into the ground, about five feet in height, to which the criminals were tied, with their breasts uncovered. In this situation they remained, uniting their lamentations to those of their friends, until the judge made a signal to the executioner, who drew out a lancet dipped in the gum of the bohon-upas, and with this instrument pricked the breasts of those unhappy females.

The

The whole operation was performed in the space of two minutes, and the criminals were soon seized with a shivering, followed by strong convulsions, and expired in dreadful agony, imploring forgiveness of God and Mahomet. In the space of six minutes not one of them remained alive: their bodies were covered with livid spots; their faces much swelled, and black; and their eyes appeared yellow.

The gum of the bohon-upas is the most terrible of all poisons extracted from the vegetable kingdom; and certainly contributes to render the island unhealthy. It daily assists to destroy both the natives and Europeans. Every man of distinguished rank carries about him a dart, or some other poisoned weapon. In time of war the Malays use it for poisoning water. This barbarous stratagem destroyed in the last war half of the Dutch army. Since that time the Dutch take the precaution to keep fish in the water which they drink; and station centinels near reservoirs, to guard them, and to remark if any of these animals die. When a body of troops enter the enemy's country, they always carry live fish along with them, to try the water before they drink it; and it is by this means only, that they have been able to prevent their entire destruction.—There grows on the coast of Macassar, a tree called Cadjoe-upas, the poison of which acts almost in the same manner; but its effects are neither so violent, nor so terrible.

A STORY OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

AFTER the battle of Ivry, Henry being very much in want of money, asked one of his most trusty courtiers where he could procure some. The courtier replied, that he knew a very rich merchant's wife a zealous royalist, who very probably might assist him. The monarch advised his confidant to pay a visit immediately to the lady, and offered to accompany him in disguise. At the close of the evening, they both set out from Manté, where the camp was, for Meulan, where Madame le Clerc, the lady in question, resided. They were most hospitably received; and after the usual congratulations on the success of the king's army, the courtier, affecting an air of deep sorrow, began, "Alas, Madam, to what purpose are all our victories! We are in the greatest distress imaginable; his majesty has no money to pay his troops; they threaten to revolt and join the leaguers: Mayenne will triumph at last."—"Is it possible," exclaimed Madame le Clerc; "but let not that afflict our gracious sovereign; he will still find new resources; he fights for too glorious a cause to be abandoned: many other persons will follow my example." On saying this, she quitted the room, and returned.

turned with many bags full of gold, which she laid at their feet. "This is all I can do for the present," added she gracefully: "go and relieve the prince of his anxiety: wish him, from me, all the success and happiness he deserves: tell him to be confident that he reigns in the hearts of his subjects, and that my life and fortune are, and will be ever, at his disposal." Henry could not conceal himself any longer: "Generous woman!" cried he, "my friend has no occasion to go far to tell his majesty the excellence of your heart; here he stands before you, and is a witness to your effusions of sensibility! Be assured that the favour will indelibly be engraved on Henry's heart." Madame le Clerc fell at the monarch's feet, without being able to utter a word; the confident wept, and Henry joined in the sweet emotions. But the time was too precious to devote it solely to friendship and gratitude; for want of money the troops were ready to revolt that very morning. Henry and his friend took leave of the lady, and went to the army; who, hearing they were to receive their pay, began to cry, "Vive le Roi!—Long live the king!" From that time success attended every one of that monarch's enterprizes; and, after having subdued his enemies, and rendered himself master of the capital, he sent for Madame le Clerc one day when the court was very brilliant and full: in presenting her to the nobility, "You see *this* lady," says he, "a true friend of mine: to her I owe all the success of my last campaigns; it was she who lent me considerable sums of money to carry on the war, even at a time when the troops threatened to abandon me. She shall be reimbursed with more than lawful interest, and letters patent of nobility shall forthwith be issued in her favour." "Ah, Sire," interrupted Madame le Clerc, "do you reckon as nothing the infinite pleasure I then felt, and ever since felt, in contributing to happiness and success of my sovereign? That is the only interest that belongs to me, and the only reward my ambition aims at." The lady accepted the title, but refused the offered interest. The family of Le Clerc, who have since distinguished themselves in civil and military capacities, still exist.

A STORY OF SIR THOMAS MOOR.

WHEN he was Lord Chancellor, he decreed a gentleman to pay a sum of money to a poor widow, whom he had wronged; to whom the gentleman said, "Then I hope your lordship will grant me a long day to pay it!"—"I will grant your motion," said the chancellor; "Monday next is St. Barnabas' day, which is the longest day in the year; pay it the widow that day, or I will commit you to the Fleet."

THE

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

SOON after the capture of Bagdad, the cruel sultan Amurath ordered thirty thousand Persians to be put to death, notwithstanding they had submitted. In the melancholy list, was a musician, who earnestly begged his execution might be deferred till he had spoken to the emperor. The officer granted his request, and introduced him to the sultan; when his only prayer was, that he might be permitted to shew a specimen of his art, in the royal presence. This also being granted, he took a psaltery, which somewhat resembles a lyre; on this he played, singing at the same time, a song expressive of the recent victory. This, added to the pathetic tones, and exulting sounds of the instrument, softened the native fierceness of Amurath; and, contrary to his first intention, he suffered the musician to proceed. Thus encouraged, he redoubled his exertions to please; and that harmony that at first suspended, at last overcame the wrath of Amurath; he not only pardoned the musician, but the whole of that vast number which he had devoted to his cruel vengeance.

THE JANISSARY.—A STORY.

A DRUNKEN janissary, pursued by the guard, who commonly have no other arms than large sticks, availed himself of the superiority which his sabre gave him over his assailants, to defend himself in an uncommon heroic manner. He had already driven several of his enemies from the field, when fatigued by his exertions, he prepared to renew the engagement by resting on the steps of a khan, (or public house), whilst the guard converted the attack into a blockade. The grand seignior, who frequently goes about the city in a disguise which, however, does not conceal him, happening to be on the spot, approached the offender, told him to lay down his weapon, and surrender himself a prisoner; but nothing could remove our hero, who regarding his sovereign with a perfect air of indifference, pronounced vengeance on the first who approached him. The sultan then asked the janissary to what company he belonged, and on giving a satisfactory answer, he sent for his commander, who presently arriving, "Disarm that man," said the grand seignior, "and conduct him to the castle." The officer directly took off his girdle, and advancing towards the rebel with it in his right-hand, whilst he held out to him his left, said, "Fellow soldier, give me your weapon, and follow me!" which he immediately did, without any reply, and with an air of the most humble submission.

ALSEMIRO

ALSEMERO AND BEATRICE JOANNA.

Beatrice Joanna caused de Flores to murder Alonso Piracquo, who was a Sutor to her, that she might marry with Alsemere; who being wedded to her, and finding her in Adultery with de Flores, kills them both. Alsemere afterwards treacherously kills Thomaso Piracquo in a Duel, for which being beheaded, the murder of Alonso is discovered and punished.

NOT many years since, at the city of Valentia in Spain, lived Don Pedro de Alsemere, a young and noble cavalier, who wholly applying himself to the wars, added to his own plentiful estate as large a share of honour and reputation. This gentleman, whose temper altogether inclined to martial affairs, resolved to leave his own country, (now in peace) and enter himself into the society of the valiant knights of Malta, and accordingly went to Alicant, where he staid in expectation of a favourable wind. During his abode here, going one morning to church, he observed a young lady kneeling over against him, with whose beauty he was so surprized, that it was difficult to determine whether love or devotion more inflamed his heart, and inspired his thoughts. Mass being ended he enquired of the priest who this lady was, her name and quality: the priest told him, she is daughter to Don Diego de Vermandero, captain of the castle, and her name Donna Beatrice Joanna. The next morning Alsemere rose early, and went to the same church, in hopes fortune would bless him with a second sight of her whose charming graces had already so far prevailed upon him: when entering the quire, he saw her upon her knees at prayers in the same place. Alsemere, who thought himself extremely blest with so lucky an opportunity, resolved to improve it to the best advantage; and kneeling down by her, (not having the patience to wait till mass was ended) whispered his affections in her ear, interrupting her devotions with his compliments, vowing to live and die her affectionate servant. The lady checked his bold address with a modest reprehension, which (prayers being ended) Alsemere renewed with all the passionate expressions of a vigorous lover, and after several refusals, at last prevailed to wait upon her to the castle, where the captain her father received him with all imaginable respect, and in return for his civilities to his daughter, shewed him the rarities and strength of the fort. Alsemere continued his addresses to the lady by frequent visits, which the captain her father seemed to encourage by a generous and courtly reception. In Alicant lived a young gentleman of noble extract and plentiful estate, whose name was Alonzo Piracquo, a compleat courtier, and passionately in love with Beatrice Joanna.

Piracquo, who had a long time contended his affection, resolves now to make a visit to Vermandero, and acquaint him with his passion for his daughter : which he accordingly did : Vermandero received him with all the demonstrations of respect and kindness, thanked him for the favour he did him in his honourable proposals, which he highly approved of, and was of nothing more ambitious, than an alliance with a person of so great worth and merit. Thus we see Alfemero rivalled in his pretensions to his mistress, by an unknown cavalier ; but however, though Piracquo had gained the father, Alfemero had already won the daughter, who carried herself with that prudence and respect to Piracquo, that he lived in hopes, whilst Alfemero had the assurance of her love and affection.

Vermandero after sometime understanding the inclinations of Beatrice Joanna, which more respected Alfemero than Piracquo, now declared himself in behalf of Piracquo, and with an austere look commanded her to direct her affections accordingly ; which she not observing, he withdrew himself to his country house at Biamata, and took her privately along with him. Piracquo had here the opportunity of courting his mistress, which was denied Alfemero, who had already gained the fort, which Piracquo endeavoured to storm. Piracquo made his constant visits, whilst Alfemero could only solicit by letters, which were powerful enough to preserve the heart he had already obtained. Several letters had passed between Alfemero and Beatrice Joanna without the privity of Vermandero, when the last told him, that as he was sole master of her affections, so she earnestly coveted his company, which she desired that evening at eleven, when she would acquaint him with a secret which concerned them both.

Alfemero upon this advice took post, and arrived at the hour appointed ; when going privately into Vermandero's house he found Diaphanta her waiting gentlewoman attending his coming, who directed him to Beatrice Joanna's chamber. And here, with the readers leave I'll draw the curtain before those amorous complements and dalliances with which the lovers entertained themselves. In discourse Beatrice Joanna cast out some doubtful expressions to this purpose, that before Piracquo, was in another world, there was no hopes for him to enjoy her for his wife in this. Alfemero presently understood the sense of it, and offer'd to send him a challenge, and fight him, which she would by no means admit of, and desired him to leave Alicant for a short time, and return to Valentia, and for the rest (says she) repose yourself upon my constancy and affection. The morning now growing upon them, Alfemero took his leave, and promised a full observance of her commands, and accordingly within four days left Alicant, and went back to Valentia. This meeting (though private) was not so closely carried

carried, but Vermandero had notice of it, whereat he was very angry, but however assured Piracquo, that in a short time she should accomplish his desires; and that if his paternal admonitions could not, his authority should prevail over his daughter's perverseness. Thus was Piracquo encouraged by Vermandero, though he had private intelligence sent him that Beatrice was already contracted to Alfemero, and it would now more nearly concern him to consult his reputation by an honourable retreat, than to advance his suit with so much zeal and violence, which it was impossible he should ever obtain. But Piracquo pressed on more eagerly, which gave Beatrice Joanna great trouble and disquiet. Vermandero understanding that Alfemero was gone back to Valencia, returned to Alicant, where Piracquo made his daily visits. There was a gallant young gentleman of the castle whose name was Don Antonio de Flores, a person who deeply affected Beatrice Joanna, and one whom she thought might be a fit instrument to execute her barbarous and bloody design. She sent for De Flores, accordingly, (who was now besotted with her beauty) and acquainted him with her intentions and by the powerful arguments of her more particular kindness and respect, won him to promise, that within a few days he would answer her desires. De Flores insinuates himself into Piracquo's company, and waiting for an opportunity, he heard Piracquo one day commend the strength of the castle, when De Flores told him he had not yet seen that which consisted in the casemates, which were stored with good ordnance to scour the ditches: these Piracquo desired to see, but De Flores told him it was now noon, and if he pleased he would meet him after dinner, and wait on him himself. After dinner they met accordingly, went to the ravelins, sconces and bulwarks, and from thence by a postern to the ditches and to the casemates: three of them they had viewed, and coming to the last, De Flores laid off his rapier, telling Piracquo that the descent was narrow and craggy, upon which Piracquo put off his. Being entered into the vault of the casemate, as Piracquo was looking through a port-hole De Flores (who had hid a sword and poniard behind the door, stabbed him into the back, so swiftly redoubling his blows, that he killed him dead, and buried him under the ruins of an old wall.

De Flores having committed this murder, acquaints Beatrice Joanna with it, who was overjoyed at it, and the better to blind the world caused it to be reported, that Piracquo was seen to go forth the castle-gate, and take boat in the city, as was supposed for a little sea-air. Piracquo being thus missed, after several days search in vain, was supposed to be drowned at sea; and three months being now past, Alfemero was solemnly married to Beatrice Joanna at Alicant in much state and bravery.

Alfemero had not been long married, but he grew jealous of his wife, and so far restrained her former liberty, that she complained to the captain her father of his discourteous usage, upon which Alfemero provided a coach, and carried her away to Valentia. Vermandero willing to know how matters stood between his daughter and her husband, sent De Flores to Valentia with letters to them both. Alfemero being abroad, she told him of her husband's unkindness, of which he taking the advantage, reviv'd his old suit; she willingly complies with his desires, and prays him to see her more often. Alfemero coming home, understands by his wife that De Flores had been there with letters from her father, and by Diaphanta her waiting-woman (who was one of his spies) that there passed many amorous kisses between De Flores and her mistress, and relates to him whatever she had either heard or saw. Alfemero in a great fury flies to his wife, charges her with too much familiarity with De Flores, and as his passion rises into a greater rage, calls her whore, strumpet, &c. Upon which, to palliate her own crimes, she was forced to discover Piracquo's murder. Know (says she) Alfemero, since you will enforce me to shew the true cause of my chaste familiarity with De Flores, that he it was who at my request dispatched Piracquo, without which I could never have enjoyed you for my husband: and so told him all the circumstances of that cruel murder, and conjured him to conceal the same; vowing to die a thousand deaths rather than defile his bed. Alfemero wondered at this discourse, and strictly charged his wife to admit De Flores no more to her company; but she continuing a correspondence with him, which Diaphanta informed her master of, he pretended one day a journey into the country; but with a case of pistols in his pocket, and his rapier and poniard privately withdrew into his closet, which was within his bed-chamber.

De Flores had presently notice that Alfemero was gone into the country, and immediately came over to visit Beatrice Joanna; and as they were in the middle of their pleasures upon the bed, Alfemero rushed in, and discharged his pistols on them, and afterwards stabbed them with his sword and poniard, of which wounds they instantly died. This being done, he went and acquainted the criminal judges with the death of his wife and De Flores, whom he had killed in the very act of adultery. Diaphanta appeared as witness for him, who declared upon oath, that she had several times seen her mistress and De Flores commit adultery, and had acquainted her master with it. Upon mature deliberation Alfemero was acquitted of the fact, and the dead bodies ordered to be buried.

But now let us speak of Don Thomaso Piracquo, who had formerly advised his brother Alonso Piracquo to give over his suit to Beatrice Joanna: he hearing of all these occurrences
afresh

afresh, remembers his dead brother, and confidently supposes that Alfemero and Beatrice Joanna had a hand in the loss of him; wherefore he now resolves to call Alfemero to account for him, and accordingly sent him this challenge to Alicant, where he then resided.

THOMASO PIRACQUO, to ALFEMERO.

" I FEAR Beatrice Joanna's vanity and your rashness have bereaved me of a brother I ever esteemed more dear than my life. As I am a gentleman I think I ought to seek satisfaction for his death with the hazard of my own life: wherefore, as your sword has chastised Beatrice Joanna's error, I hope mine is reserved to correct yours. I pray meet me at the foot of Gliferson-hill to-morrow at five in the morning, and it shall be your choice to use your sword on horseback, or your rapier on foot.

THOMASO PIRACQUO."

Alfemero accepts the challenge, and they met at the hour and place appointed; when Alfemero throwing away his rapier, with his hat in his hand, told him he was ready to join with him in the revenge of his brother's murder: Piracquo not suspecting any treachery, threw away his sword too, and with the same civility addressed himself to Alfemero, who suddenly drew his pistols out of his pocket, and shot the one through his head, and the other through his breast, upon which Piracquo cried out, O villain! O traitor! and fell down dead.

The news of this murder with the treachery and flight of Alfemero, was presently known, and the criminal judges ordered a speedy pursuit after him; in the midst of his haste his horse fell with him, and broke his fore-leg; and Alfemero's right arm; when endeavouring to escape on foot, he was presently overtaken, and surrounded by six horsemen, against whom he defended himself like a gentleman and a soldier; when at last his rapier being broke, he was forced to yield himself their prisoner.

Thus was he brought a pitted spectacle to Alicant, where he was condemned to lose his head; and being upon the scaffold, and seeing no hopes of life, he discovered Don Alonso Piracquo's murder by De Flores in all its circumstances, protesting his own innocency, only in the concealment of it; of which the judges being advised, they caused his head to be taken off for Thomaso, and his body being thrown into the sea for concealing Alonso's murder, and the bodies of De Flores and Beatrice Joanna to be taken out of their graves, and burnt at the common place of execution, and the ashes thrown into the air.

Thus we see the justice of heaven will at last overtake the bold offender, and though he seems at present to triumph in sin, and praise the success of his iniquity, yet let him consider, the end of it will be bitter; and that though God does forbear, yet he will not forgive, without a sincere repentance.

HEROD AND MARIAMNE.

MARIAMNE had all the charms that beauty, birth, wit and youth could give a woman, and Herod all the love that such charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous disposition. In the midst of this his fondness for Mariamne, he put her brother to death, as he did her father not many years after. The barbarity of the action was represented to Mark Anthony, who immediately summoned Herod into Egypt to answer for the crime that was there laid to his charge. Herod attributed the summons to Anthony's desire of Mariamne, whom therefore, before his departure, he gave into the custody of his uncle Joseph, with private orders to put her to death, if any such violence was offered to himself. This Joseph was much delighted with Mariamne's conversation, and endeavoured with all his art and rhetoric to set out the excess of Herod's passion for her; but when he still found her cold and incredulous, he inconsiderately told her, as a certain instance of her lord's affection, the private orders he had left behind him, which plainly shewed, according to Joseph's interpretation, that he could neither live or die without her. This barbarous instance of a wild, unreasonable passion, quite put out, for a time, those little remains of affection she still had for her lord: for now her thoughts was so wholly taken up with the cruelty of his orders, that she could not consider the kindness that produced them, and therefore represented them in her imagination, rather under the frightful idea of a murderer than a lover. Herod was at length acquitted and dismissed by Mark Anthony, when his soul was all in flames for his Mariamne; but, before their meeting, he was not a little alarmed at the report he had heard of his uncle's conversation and familiarity with her in his absence. This therefore was the first discourse he entertained her with, in which she found it no easy matter to quiet his suspicions. But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her innocence, that from reproaches and wranglings he fell to tears and embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their reconciliation, and Herod poured out his whole soul to her in the warmest protestations of love and constancy; when amidst all his sighs and languishings, she asked him whether the private order he left with his uncle Joseph, was an instance of such an inflamed affection. The jealous king was immediately roused at so unexpected a question, and concluded his

his uncle must have been too familiar with her, before he could have discovered such a secret. In short, he put his uncle to death, and with difficulty prevailed upon himself to spare Mariamne.

After this, he was forced on a second journey into Egypt, when he committed his lady to Sohemus, with the same private orders he had before given his uncle, if any mischief befel himself. In the mean while Mariamne so won upon Sohemus by her presents and obliging conversation, that she drew all the secret from him, with which Herod had entrusted him; so that, after his return, when he flew to her with transports of joy and love, she received him coldly with sighs and tears, and all the marks of indifference and aversion. This reception so stirred upon his indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own hands, had he not feared he himself should have become the greater sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent storm of love upon him. Mariamne was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal caresses and endearments; but she declined his embraces, and answered all his fondness with bitter invectives for the death of her father and her brother. This behaviour so incensed Herod, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the heat of their quarrel there came in a witness, suborned by some of Mariamne's enemies, who accused her to the king of a design to poison him. Herod was now prepared to hear any thing to her prejudice, and immediately ordered her servant to be stretched on the rack; who in the extremity of his tortures, confessed, that his mistress's great aversion to the king arose from something Sohemus had told her; but as for any design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least knowledge of it. This confession quickly proved fatal to Sohemus, who now lay under the same suspicions and sentence that Joseph had, before him, on the like occasion. Nor would Herod rest here; but accused her with great vehemence of a design upon his life, and by his authority with the judges, had her publicly condemned and executed. Herod soon after her death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the public administration of affairs into a solitary forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black considerations which naturally arise from a passion made up of love, remorse, pity and despair. He used to rave for his Mariamne, and to call upon her in his distracted fits; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an object, by public storms, which at that time very nearly threatened him.

The Application. In Herod may be seen of how little value are the strongest professions of love, or friendship, in a heart abandoned

abandoned to the wild starts of passion, which frequently flies from one extreme to another, and with as little cause hates to day, as it adored yesterday; and in Mariamne we learn the dangerous indiscretion of exposing ourselves to the resentment of such persons, however just our expostulations may be: for it is well observed, that the injurious seldom forgive being told of the injury, and that it is putting a sword into a madman's hand.

THE FRENCH RENEGADO.

AN inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave composed behaviour, determined about the fiftieth year of his age, to enter upon wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his eye upon a young woman, who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and her education, her parents having been reduced to great poverty by the wars, which for some years had laid that whole country waste. The Castilian having made his addresses to her, and married her, they lived together in perfect happiness for some time; when at length the husband's affairs made it necessary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of Naples, where a great part of his estate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a ship-board above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of an Algerine pirate, who immediately carried the whole company on shore, and made them slaves. The Castilian and his wife had the comfort to be under the same master, who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped after their liberty, demanded a most exorbitant price for their ransom. The Castilian, though he would rather have died in slavery himself, than have paid such a sum, as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with compassion towards his wife, that he sent repeated orders to his friend in Spain (who happened to be his next relation) to sell his estate, and transmit the money to him. His friend, hoping that the terms of his ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an estate which he himself had some prospect of inheriting, formed so many delays, that three whole years passed away without any thing being done for the setting of them at liberty. There happened to live a French Renegado in the same place where the Castilian and his wife were kept prisoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures: to which he sometimes added a song or a dance, or some other piece of mirth, to divert them, during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the Algerines, enabled him likewise to do them several good offices.

The

The Castilian, as he was one day in conversation with this Renegado, discovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correspondent in Castile, and at the same time asked his advice, how he should behave himself in that exigency: he further told this Renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the money, unless he himself might go over to dispose of his estate. The Renegado, after having represented to him, that his Algerine master would never consent to his release upon such pretences at length contrived a method for the Castilian to make his escape in the habit of a seaman. The Castilian succeeded in his attempt, and having sold his estate, being afraid lest the money should miscarry by the way, and determining to perish with it, rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himself in a little vessel that was going to Algiers. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt upon this occasion, when he considered he should soon see the wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her by this uncommon piece of generosity.

The Renegado, during the husband's absence, so insinuated himself into the goodgraces of his young wife, and so turned her head with stories of gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honest Castilian, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow, unworthy the possession of so charming a creature. She had been instructed by the Renegado how to manage herself upon his arrival; so that she received him with the appearance of the utmost love and gratitude, and at length persuaded him to trust their common friend the Renegado with the money: he had brought over for their ransom; as not questioning but he would beat down the terms of it, and negotiate the affair more to their advantage than they themselves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wish I could conceal the sequel of this story, but since I cannot, I shall dispatch it in as few words as possible. The Castilian having slept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awaking found his wife had left him: he immediately arose, and enquired after her, but was told, that she was seen with the Renegado about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things ready, they soon made their escape out of the territories of Algiers, carried away the money, and left the Castilian in captivity; who partly through the cruel treatment of the incensed Algerine his master, and partly through the unkind use of his unfaithful wife, died some few months after.

The Application. This story is almost too plain to need a remark, and too black to bear one. The basest returns for the greatest

greatest obligations, raise a horror in the honest breast; that shocks human nature; yet we may learn from it the danger of listening to temptation, since we know not how soon it may seduce us to what we most detested; and in the Renegade, (who was a professor of christianity, turned Turk) appears the truth of the observation, that he who is false to his God, or can make his religion subservient to his interest, is not likely to be true to his friend.

THE DROP OF WATER, A FABLE.

AS arrogance, and a conceitedness of our own abilities, are very shocking and offensive to men of sense and virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble mind, and by several of his dispensations seems purposely to shew us, that our schemes of prudence have no share in our advancements.

This is beautifully illustrated in this little Persian fable. A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection: "Alas! What an inconsiderate creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters; my existence is of no concern to the universe; I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of God." It so happened, that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up, in the midst of its humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, till by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem.

The Application. Let none, however mean or insignificant he may think himself, dare to give way to the thought, that he is neglected by his Creator. Every station, as far as it is providential, is appointed with the most consummate wisdom; and a Lazarus, though despised by this ill-judging world, if humble and faithful, in the station assigned him, shall be found of infinite value when the great Judge of the earth shall make up his jewels.

SULTAN MAHMOUD AND HIS VISIER, A TURKISH TALE.

THE Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and by his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The Visier

Visier to this great Sultan, (whether an humourist or an enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth, but the Visier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the Emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of an heap of rubbish.

"I would fain know," says the Sultan, "what these two owls are saying one to another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it." The Visier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, "Sir," says he, "I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is." The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had said. "You must know then," said the Visier, "that one of those owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing. Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the father of the daughter replied, instead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud; whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined villages."

The story says, the Sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people.

The Application. Those reproofs bid fairest to do good that are given in the least offensive manner, where, by some distant hint, we make the persons, as it were, their own accusers.

THE PERSIAN GLASS MAN.

ALNASCHAR was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of a hundred drachmas of Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen ware. There he piled up in a large open basket, and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner: "This basket," says he, "cost me at the whole-

" sale

" false merchant's an hundred drachmas, which is all I have
 " in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by
 " selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a
 " very little time, rise to four hundred, which in course will
 " in time amount to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas
 " cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this
 " means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade
 " of Glais-man, and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in dia-
 " monds, pearls, and all sorts of precious stones. When I
 " have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will
 " make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands,
 " slaves, and eunuchs, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy
 " myself and make a noise in the world. I will not, however,
 " stop there, but still continue my traffic till I have got toge-
 " ther an hundred thousand drachmas. When I have thus
 " made myself master of an hundred thousand drachmas, I
 " shall naturally set myself on the foot of a prince, and will
 " demand the Grand Visier's daughter in marriage, after hav-
 " ing represented to that minister the information I received
 " of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities
 " which his daughter possesses. I will let him know, at the
 " same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of
 " a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage night. As soon
 " as I have married the Grand Visier's daughter, I will buy
 " her ten black eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be got
 " for money. I must afterwards make my father-in-law a
 " visit with a great train and equipage. And when I am placed
 " at his right hand, which he will do of course, if it be only
 " to honour his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces
 " of gold which I promised him, and afterwards, to his great
 " surprize, will I present him with another purse of the same
 " value, with some short speech; as, Sir, you see I am a man
 " of my word. I always give more than I promise.
 " When I have brought the Princess to my house, I shall
 " take particular care to breed in her a due respect for me,
 " before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end I
 " shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short
 " visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent
 " to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness,
 " and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by
 " me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my
 " back upon her all the first night. Her mother will then
 " come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon
 " my sofa. The daughter then, with tears in her eyes, will
 " sing herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into
 " my favour. Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough ve-
 "

neration

"neration for my person, draw up my legs, and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner, that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa."

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: so that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

The Application. This is a humorous ridicule upon the foolish vanity of building castles in the air, and idly wasting that time, in empty flattering schemes, which might have been usefully employed in attending our proper business.

THE PASSIONATE MAN.

SYNCOPIUS leads, of all men living, the most ridiculous life; he is ever offending, and begging pardon. If his man enters the room without what he sent for, "that blockhead," begins he,—"Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, but servants 'now a days'—The wrong plates are laid, they are thrown into the middle of the room; his wife stands by in pain for him, which he sees in her face, and answers, as if he had heard all she was thinking: "Why—what the devil! Why don't you take care to give orders in these things?" His friends sit down to a tasteless plenty of every thing, every minute expecting new insults from his impertinent passions. In a word, to eat with, or visit Syncopius, is no more than going to see him exercise his family, exercise their patience, and his own anger.

The Application. It is monstrous, that the shame and confusion in which this good natured angry man must needs behold his friends, while he thus lays about him, does not give him so much reflection as to create an amendment.

ANDROCLES AND THE NUMIDIAN LION.

ANDROCLES was the slave of a noble Roman, who was Pro-consul of Afric. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had not he found an opportunity to escape out of his hands, and fled into the desert of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the further end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length, to his great surprize, a huge over-grown

Lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made towards him. Androcles gave himself for gone; but the Lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and, with a complaining kind of voice, fell a licking his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the Lion's paw exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and, by squeezing the paw very gently, made a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the Lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before. The Lion left him upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey. Androcles, after having soddened the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted upon it till the Lion had supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the Lion catering about for him with great assiduity. Being tired at length of this savage society, he was resolved to deliver himself up into his master's hands, and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His master, as was customary for the Pro-consuls of Afric, was at that time getting together a present of all the largest Lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them to Rome, that they might furnish out a shew for the Roman people. Upon his poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome as soon as the Lions were in readiness to be sent, and that for his crime he should be exposed to fight with one of the Lions in the Amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was also performed accordingly. Androcles, after such a strange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre amidst thousands of spectators, expecting every moment when his antagonist would come out upon him. At length a huge monstrous Lion leaped out from the place where he had been kept hungry for the shew. He advanced with great rage towards the man, but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, he fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet, with all the signs of blandishment and caress. Androcles, after a short pause, discovered that it was his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprizing to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the Lion to be given up to his possession. Androcles returned at Rome the civilities which he had received from him in the deserts of Afric. Dion Cassius says, that he himself saw the man leading the Lion about the streets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to
one

one another, *Hic est Leo Hospes Hominis ; Hic est Homo Medicus Leonis.* This is the Lion who was the man's host : this is the man who was the Lion's physician.

The Application. The generous gratitude of this noble animal loudly reproaches many of our own species, who, though endowed with higher faculties, quickly lose a sense of favours received; and some, still more base, return evil for good to their greatest benefactors.

Had Andrius been some great person, there would have been many shining remarks, at least, on the extraordinary circumstances of his very remarkable deliverance: as the Lion intended for his destruction should be the same he had preserved, &c. But we may see, that the life of the meanest slave is as precious as that of the greatest hero, in the sight of him who has formed us all of one clay.

STORY OF THE BEAR,

By CHARLES XII. KING OF SWEDEN.

THE disposition of Charles XII. began to shew itself very early, even before he lost his father, by his fondness for the chase, and for hunting in the most dangerous manner. He even invented a new method of catching bears alive; and it was not without exposing his life to great peril, that he put it in practice. By this method he caught three of them in the life-time of his father in one hunting match. — This young prince remarked, that these animals, when hard pressed by the dogs, trusting rather to their strength than their swiftness, often stopped, raised themselves on their hind legs, and darting upon the fiercest of the dogs, strangled them by squeezing them between their breast and their fore paws; he conceived therefore that it would be the best method to attack them with wooden poles hooked at one end, which he ordered to be made on purpose. Five or six of the boldest hunters, among whom he always made one, armed themselves with these poles, and while the dogs stopped the bears, they seized them by the necks, and held them until others, with ropes, entangled their hind legs, in such a manner that they could not stir. He then made their fore feet be tied, and forcing them to walk upon those behind, conducted them thus in triumph to Stockholm.

WHIMSICAL STORY,

OF A CANDID DECLARATION.

AMBROSE Spinola, passing through Paris, in 1604, had the honour of supping with Henry IV. Towards the end of the entertainment, the king having asked what particular plan

of operations he meant to pursue in the next campaign, Spino-
la gave him a faithful relation of his intentions; telling him
how and when he would begin, where he would construct a
bridge, on the Scheld, to lead over his army; and where he
proposed to erect a small fort. In a word, he did not omit
the minutest circumstance. Henry, who was interested for the
Dutch, immediately wrote to the Prince of Orange an account
of all that he had heard, telling him that he must take every
thing in a quite contrary sense, as it was not probable that Spi-
nola, who was suspicious of him, would have disclosed his real
designs. This able general, however, did every thing that he
had said. He had been so free with Henry IV. only because he
was persuaded that he would not believe him. On this account
that prince said, "Others deceive me by speaking falsehood,
"but Spinola has deceived me by telling the truth."

RIGID JUSTICE.

AN Arab going to complain to the sultan of some depredations committed in his house by two unknown persons, the sultan instantly repaired thither; and causing the lights to be extinguished, seized the criminals, had their heads enveloped in a cloak, and gave orders that they should be stabbed. The execution being thus performed, he ordered the flambeaux brought with him, to be again lighted; and having examined the bodies of the criminals, lifted up his hands, and returned thanks to God. "What favour," said the visier, "have you received from heaven?"—"Visier," replied the sultan, "I thought my son had been the author of these crimes; therefore I ordered the lights to be put out, and the faces of these unhappy wretches to be covered with a cloak. I was fearful lest paternal tenderness should induce me to fail in the justice which I owe my subjects. Judge whether I ought not to thank heaven, when I find myself just, without having taken away the life of a son!"

PRESENCE OF MIND.

BRANTOME relates a curious circumstance which fixed the celebrated Ruy Gomez in the favour of Philip II. of Spain. They were playing at Primero; and at a time when a vast stake was on the board, the king cried out in extacy, that he had the game in his hand. Ruy Gomez had superior cards, but flung them up, and acquiesced. The next day the other players told Philip how the affair had passed; and the king not only made Gomez a liberal amends for what he had given up, but

but took him into his counsels, and entrusted him with his most secret plans.

STORY OF GEORGE II.

GEORGE the Second, was at Drury Lane Theatre, when the Culloden dispatches were presented to him, from the Duke of Cumberland his darling son. All before was anxiety and apprehension. The instant his majesty had opened them, he started up, while the tears streamed from his eyes, and, in some glorious ejaculation, thanked his God, and announced the victory. Garrick in a moment caught the transporting sound. The orchestra, by his orders, struck up "God save Great George our King!" and the whole audience in a wild enthusiasm joined the chorus. Who would not rather have been George II. for that one moment, than Louis XIV. during his whole length of empire?

CURIOUS STORY

OF ALEXEI MICHAILOVITSH, THE FATHER OF PETER THE GREAT.

A NUMBER of remarkable anecdotes of Peter the Great, which are to be met with in no history of that monarch hitherto published; and yet as they throw a great light on his real character, ought not to be lost in oblivion; having come to my knowledge, I shall transmit them occasionally to you, for the benefit of ages to come. Of the truth of them you may rest assured; and of their novelty I shall only say, in the words of the poet, as it saves me the trouble of finding words of my own, that they are, *Non collect libris, sed pene accepta, per aures*

The following anecdote was related of Alexei Michailovitsh, by Maria Andréevna Countess Rumantsof, grand-daughter of the Boyar Artémin Matseof.

Tzar Alexei Michailovitsh, the father of Peter the Great, was pleased to confer his particular confidence on the Boyar Artémin Matseof, grandfather to Maria Andréevna Rumantsof Zadunaiski, chancellor for foreign affairs, *principale dame de bonneur*, and since, in 1775, made *oberhofmeisterinn* to her late majesty, Catherine II.

The Tzar, after the death of his Czarina, the Princess Miloslavski, went often to visit Matseof, contrary to the custom of former Tzars, who never visited private persons, and would sometimes even take his supper with him. One evening coming in unexpectedly, and seeing the table set for supper with

great neatness, he said to Matseof, "The table seems so nearly
 "and prettily covered, I feel a strong desire to sit down to
 "it with you. Yes, I will follow the suggestions of my ap-
 "petite, and place myself at table by thee: and upon this
 "condition, however, that I disturb nobody, and that none
 "get up from table till they have supped." "Whatever your
 "majesty pleases and commands, must be to the honour of
 "my house," returned Matseof. The supper was served up,
 and Tzar sat down to table. The mistress of the house enters,
 with their only son, and a young lady, who, after making
 their profoundest reverences, obey the Tzar's commands, and
 take their places at the table. During the supper, the Tzar
 looked frequently round upon the little company, and seemed
 to take particular notice of the young lady that sat over against
 him, as not recollecting he had ever seen her before as one of
 Matseof's children. "I always thought," said his majesty,
 "that thou hast no other child than that boy; but now I see,
 "for the first time, that thou hast a daughter likewise; how
 "camest thou never to mention her to me?"

"Your majesty thought perfectly right," answered Matseof;
 "I have but that one son. But the young lady that sits oppo-
 "site is the daughter of my friend and relation, the nobleman
 "Kyrilla Narishkina, who lives in the country on his estate,
 "whom my wife has taken into the house, to shew her the
 "city, and, in God's good time, to get her well provided
 "for."

The Tzar said nothing more, than "that he had done a good
 "deed, which therefore must be agreeable to God." After sup-
 per, when Matseof's family were risen from table, and gone to
 their own apartment, the Tzar chose to continue sitting with
 his host. His majesty resumed the subject of the young lady,
 Natalia Kyrillovna, and said, "The maiden has a handsome
 "appearance, she seems to have a good heart, and is not too
 "young to be married. Thou must endeavour to get her a
 "fit husband." "Yes," answered Matseof, "your majesty
 "judges rightly of her; she possesses an excellent understand-
 "ing, with the greatest modesty, and the best of hearts. My
 "wife and the whole family are uncommonly fond of her, and
 "consider her as if she were our darling daughter. But as to
 "a suitor for her, that is what we are not soon to expect. She
 "has indeed numberless good qualities, but little or no wealth:
 "and, if I should meet with an opportunity to settle her, the
 "portion, I could afford her out of my narrow fortune would
 "be but small." The Tzar upon this replied, "She must
 "find a sweetheart that has so much property himself as to
 "stand in need of nothing from her, but consider her good
 "qualities as the greatest and best of portions and make it
 "his endeavours to render her happy." "This is just what
 "I could

"I could wish," said Matfeof; but where shall I find such a lover, who looks more for excellent qualities in his bride, than for a splendid fortune?"—"Oh yes," said the Tzar, "they are still to be found very frequently: do thou think occasionally thereupon, and I myself will likewise look out for some such match. The maiden is deserving of all the pains we can take to make her happy." Matfeof thanked his majesty for so gracious an intimation of his kindness; and and there the matter remained. The Tzar wished him a good night, and took himself away. A few days afterwards his majesty came again to Matfeof, discoursed with him for a couple of hours on state affairs, and after getting up, seemingly with a design to take leave and go away, on a sudden took his chair, and sat down afresh. "Now tell me," said he to Matfeof, "hast thou not forgot our late conversation about providing a lover for Natalia Kyrillovna?"

"No, most gracious Sir," answered Matfeof; "I bear it continually in mind, and only wish it were to some effect. I have found nothing suitable for her yet, and I much doubt that a proper offer will soon be made; for, though a number of our young noblemen come to visit me, and consequently often see my charming foster-daughter, they none of them give any intimations about marriage."

"Well," said the Tzar, "perhaps it may not be necessary, I told thee that I would myself use some endeavours to provide a bridegroom for her. I have had the good fortune to find one, with whom she will probably be very contented and happy. I know the man: he is an honourable and worthy person, has merit and wealth enough not to be under the necessity of asking an estate or portion with her. He loves her, will marry, and make her happy. Thou knowest him too, though probably he hath hitherto not discovered his intention to marry. I think likewise that when he applies to thee, thou wilt not give him a denial." Matfeof here interrupted the Tzar, by saying, "As I just told your majesty, that would be a most desirable thing; it would free me from a great concern I have at heart about this poor girl. Dare I now beseech your majesty to tell me the man's name? Perhaps I know him likewise, and can inform your majesty something of his circumstances."

"I have told thee that I know the man," returned the Tzar; "that he is a worthy honest fellow, and capable of rendering his wife happy; this thou mayest take my word for. I can say no more of him, till we know whether Natalia Kyrillovna will be willing to have him."

"There is no doubt of that," returned Matfeof, "when she hears that your majesty has provided her a spouse. In the mean time, she must know who the person is, that she
" may

" may give her answer. This, I think, is but reasonable." —
 " Well then," said the Tzar, " I give thee to know, that I
 " myself am the man that hath resolved to marry her, if she
 " be inclined to it ! Do thou tell her this, and ask her, whe-
 " ther she can approve of me."

At this unexpected declaration of the Tzar, Matseof was filled with astonishment, threw himself at his feet, and said, " I beseech your majesty, for the love of heaven, that you will change your resolution ; or, at least, that you will not order me to acquaint the young lady with it. Most gracious sovereign, you know full well that I have a great many enemies at court, and among the principal families of the empire, who are jealous of the favour and confidence your majesty is pleased to allow me. What an outcry will there be among them, when they find your majesty has preferred a marriage with a poor maiden of my family to a connexion with one of the principal ladies at court. Doubtless their hatred and malice against me will cover all the land ; and every one will think I have abused your majesty's favours and unworthily contrived to bring about the match ; for the sake of raising myself still higher in your majesty's regard, and for elevating my family to a connexion with that of the Tzars."

" All that will nothing signify," replied the Tzar : " the affair is mine, and thou hast no business with it. My resolution is taken, and thereby I shall remain." " Well, be it according to your majesty's pleasure," said Matseof ; and may God bless your majesty with every kind of prosperity ! Since it is to be so, let me beg only one favour for myself and for Natalia Kyrillovna, which is, that your majesty will proceed in the matter according to the custom of the empire, and with as little noise as possible, by ordering a number of the marriageable young ladies of the principal families, and among them Natalia Kyrillovna, to appear together at court, with the design of chusing one of them for a bride ; and, in the mean time, that no person beside your majesty and myself, not even Natalia Kyrillovna, have the slightest intimation of your purpose and resolution."

The Tzar found this procedure highly proper ; and accordingly bade Matseof be prepared for the event, and discover his intention to no one. A few weeks afterwards, he declared his design of marrying again, to the heads of the church and his chief ministers in a private council ; and farther told them, that on such a court-day all the marriageable daughters of the chief nobles were to be commanded to appear at court, that his majesty might consider them, and chuse a bride.

This was accordingly done the . . . of September 1676, in the Kremlin palace at Moscow ; when sixty noble ladies presented

mented themselves in their most superb attire, and among them Natalia Kyrillovna Narishkina in neat and pretty apparel. They were all sumptuously entertained by the Tzar; but Natalia was declared to be the monarch's bride.

ARTIFICE OF A LUNATIC.

A PERSON named Child, who for a long time had obtained his livelihood by attending on insane persons in different parts of Cheshire, was called a few years since to take charge of a gentleman who lived near Nantwich, in that county. Having from long experience gained some knowledge in these unfortunate cases, the patient was left principally to the care of Child; after some time discovering every symptom of returning reason, he was treated of course with an increased degree of indulgence. Whilst in this state, the patient one day requested that the keeper would trust him with a razor to shave himself. Child at first refused, but was at length induced, by the rational intreaties of his patient, to give a reluctant consent, and to provide him with the necessary apparatus. The lunatic accordingly sat down before the glass, and having shaved one side of his face, called the keeper to witness his dexterity. The man approached for that purpose; when the supposed convalescent suddenly starting up, cut the throat of the keeper in such a manner, as nearly to sever his head from his body.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

GENERAL Mackenzie, when commander in chief (during the late war) of the Chatham division of Marines, was very rigid in exacting the duties of the profession. Among other regulations, he would suffer no officer out of the uniform, to be saluted by the guard; and one day the general observed a lieutenant of Marines in a plain dress in the King's Yard, and though he perfectly knew the young officer, he called to the sentinel to *turn him out*; the lieutenant on this declared his name and rank, but the general would not listen; "I know you not," said he—"Sentinel, out with him."

A short time after the above adventure, General Mackenzie having been at a small distance from Chatham, on a visit, returned in the evening in a blue coat, and claimed entrance at the yard gate, with all that confidence his situation warranted. The sentinel demanded the countersign, which the general not happening to know, desired the presence of the officer of the guard, and this officer luckily proved to be the lieutenant whom the general had treated so cavalierly on a like occasion. "Who are you?" enquired the officer. "I am

"General

"General Mackenzie," was the reply. "What! without an *uniform!*" rejoined the lieutenant! "O get back, get back, impostor! the general would severely chastise your presumption, if he knew how you assumed his name to evade orders, which reflect the highest honour on his military character." Mackenzie, on this, retreated; and the next day, inviting the officer to breakfast, candidly told him, "that he had discharged his duty with very commendable exactness."

A STORY,

OF THE PRINCE OF CONDÉ.

ONE of the ancestors of the Prince of Condé observing a child in his house that seemed very tall for his age, enquired for the parents of it, and found that its mother was one of the lower servants in his kitchen: of her he enquired for the father, and was told it was one of the servants; but on the woman's hesitating to mention his name, the prince insisted on her pointing him out; which intimidating her, she at length confessed it was not in her power, as she had been alternately caressed by them all. The prince, laughing heartily at this strange confession, immediately summoned them all into his presence; told them that it was his pleasure that one of them should marry the child, &c. and that each should immediately draw lots to determine the most eligible subject. The lot of marriage was drawn by the cook, and the ceremony immediately performed by the chaplain of the household. The laugh of all the rest was visibly turned upon the cook on the awkwardness of his new situation; but this was soon avorted by the prince's settlement of four thousand livres on him and his bride, which he ordered to be deducted from the salaries of the rest; much to the satisfaction of all who knew the circumstance.

STORY,

OF THE LATE ALEX. FORDYCE.

WITH the foibles generally attendant upon an aspiring man, Fordyce had generous qualities. A young intelligent merchant, who kept cash at his banking-house, one morning making a small lodgment, happened to say in the shop, "that if he could command some thousands at present, there was a certain speculation to be pursued, which, in all probability, would turn out fortunate." This was said loosely, without Fordyce's making any answer, or seeming to attend to it; and no more passed at the time. A few months afterwards,

wards, when the same merchant was what they call settling his book with the house, he was very much surprised to see the sum of five hundred pounds placed to his credit-side more than he knew he possessed. Thinking it a mistake, he pointed it out to the clerk, who, seeing the entry in Mr. Fordyce's hand-writing, said, he must have paid it to him. The merchant, however, knowing he had not, begged to see Mr. Fordyce, who appeared, and told him, "it was all right enough; for that as the hint he had a few months before " thrown out in his shop, gained him above five thousand, " he thought him fairly entitled to the tythe of that sum."

FRENCH FEMALE HEROISM,

A TALE.

ON the 10th of October, a young girl of seventeen, daughter to one Levasseur, who sells articles of natural history under one of the Louvre arches, facing the college of the Four Nations, seeing seven waggons, full loaded, pass by the door, asked one of the drivers what they were carrying? He readily answered, "Rice and salt, and we are going to Havre de Grace in Normandy." The young woman, curious to know, and suspecting an evasive reply, ran into the kitchen, took a spit, and thrust it into one of the sacks: wheat instantly came out of it; whereupon she, being quite alone, flew to the fore-horse of the first waggon, and as the quay was very spacious, made the carriage turn, keeping the carman at a distance with her culinary arm. A crowd, chiefly of women, soon joined the heroine, and all the seven waggons were conducted into St. Germaine l'Auxeroi's church-yard. There, in the rector's presence, she had the wheat sold to the bakers of the district, in which flour is still very scarce; and after having regaled the waggoners at the priest's expence, returned home amidst the acclamations of the admiring multitude. The next day, with her own arm, she also stopped a cart full of flour, and had it conveyed to the same district.

INGENUITY OF A BLIND MAN.

MR. Joseph Strong, of Carlisle, who has been blind from his infancy, follows the business of a Draper Weaver; and is allowed, even by people of the same occupation, to be not only a good but an expeditious workman. He is at present somewhat advanced in years, but his mechanical abilities are not yet impaired to any considerable degree. In the exercise of

of these, besides making almost every article of household furniture, he has constructed various pieces of machinery; one of which is the model of a loom, and the figure of a man working it. As an appendage, he added a brace of puppets, representing two women buffeting each other; or, as he interprets them to his visitors, "boxing for the web." At different times he has dressed himself with articles entirely the work of his own hands. The instances of his admirable execution (or rather such of them only as have come to our knowledge) are too various to be enumerated here. To shew his strong propensity to produce, by his own ingenuity and labour, whatever he thought worthy of possessing, we shall add the following circumstance.

When he was about fifteen years of age, he concealed himself one afternoon in the cathedral during the time of service; after which, the congregation being gone, and the doors shut, he got into the organ-loft, and examined every part of the instrument. This had engaged his attention till about midnight, when, having satisfied himself respecting the general construction he proceeded to try the tones of the different stops, and the proportion they bore to each other. This experiment was not to be conducted in so silent a manner as his former enquiries. In short, the noise alarmed the neighbourhood of the church, and the circumstance of the organist having died a short time before, and no successor having been appointed, caused great consternation in the ears of all who heard it. After some deliberation, a party, less intimidated than the rest, summoned resolution enough to enter the church at that tremendous hour; and Joseph, not less confounded than his unexpected visitors, was obliged to abandon his studies for that time. The next day, he was taken before the dean, who, after reprimanding him for the steps he had taken to gratify his curiosity, permitted him to visit the organ at all seasonable times. In consequence of this, he set about making a chamber organ, which he completed without the assistance of any person. He sold this instrument to a merchant in the Isle of Man, who afterwards removed to Dublin, where it still is in being, and is considered as a great curiosity. Soon after his disposing of that, he made another upon which he now plays both for his amusement and devotion; having a set of chants (his own composition) which he frequently uses as a religious exercise, and to which he joins long and irregular lines, expressive of various devotional subjects.

Some years ago he walked from Carlisle to London, to visit Mr. Stanley, the celebrated organist and composer: on which occasion he made, for the first time a pair of shoes.

A STORY OF A LUDICROUS RUSSIAN WEDDING.

IN the year 1739, the Empress of Russia recommended to Prince Gallitzin, then turned of forty, to take a second wife, and make him at once the page and buffoon of the court; declaring she would defray the whole expence of the wedding, and give directions for a very costly one. The prince accepted the offer, and pitched upon a girl of beauty, but of low life: whereupon the empress caused orders to be sent to every province in her dominions, to send up to Petersburg several persons of both sexes, and these she ordered to be well dressed, each according to the fashion of their own province. It was in the winter season; and to make the nuptial day and night the more extraordinary, she had a house built wholly with ice; it consisted of two chambers, and every part of the furniture was made of ice, even the bed-place on which the new married couple were to lie; there were two small cannons and two mortars of the same materials, and the cannon were fired with half an ounce of powder more than once without bursting, and grenades thrown from the mortars with the same success. On the wedding-day the guests were sumptuously assembled in the Court Yard of Walinskay, and the procession setting out, passed before the Imperial Palace, and through the principal streets of the town. The train consisted of upwards of three hundred persons; the spectators were innumerable. The new married couple were put into a large cage, placed over the back of an elephant; the guests, two and two, were in sledges, drawn by all manner of beasts, as rein-deer, dogs, oxen, goats, hogs, &c. &c. and some were even mounted on camels. When the procession was over, the whole company repaired to the Duke of Courland's riding-house, where a magnificent dinner was prepared, each being treated according to the manner of cookery in their own province, and each nation had its own music. After supper, there was a ball, attended by the provincial music of each party; and when it was over, the bridegroom and the bride were conducted into the house of ice, and put into their icy bed, and guards posted at the door, that they might not get out till morning. Notwithstanding the prince had so much beauty at his elbow, we may venture to say, that his happiness was incomplete.

MODESTY—A TALE.

A YOUNG prince, whose father being a tributary King of the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects, went to
D Rome,

Rome, to defend his parent; but on coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter even a single word. The judges were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration: and pardoned the guilty father, for this early promise of virtue in the son.

A STORY,
OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THE emperor some time since travelling before his retinue, attended by only a single aid-de-camp, arrived very late at a public-house kept by an Englishman in the Austrian Netherlands: the house being very full of guests, it was with some difficulty that a bed could be procured for the emperor, who after drinking a bottle of indifferent wine, and eating a few slices of ham and biscuit, retired to rest; his attendant, from necessity, sitting by the kitchen fire during the night. In the morning they paid their bill, which amounted only to three shillings and sixpence English money, and rode off. A few hours after, several of his suit came to enquire after him. The publican, understanding the rank of his late guest, seemed very uneasy. "Psha man! never mind this affair," said one of his attendants; "the emperor is used to such adventures, and will think no more about it." "Aye, that may be," replied the landlord, "but by G—d I shall never forget the circumstance of having an emperor in my house, and letting him off for three and sixpence!"

STORY,
OF LOGAN AN INDIAN CHIEF.

IN the spring of the year 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of that state, by two Indians of the Shawanee tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary way. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the Kanawhay in quest of vengeance. Unfortunately a canoe of women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarmed, and unsuspecting an hostile attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the banks of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and, at one fire, killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished

distinguished as the friend of the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year, a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the Great Kanaway, between the collected forces of the Shawanees, Mingoes, and Delawares, and a detachment of the Virginia militia. The Indians were defeated, and sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants. But, lest the sincerity of a treaty should be distrusted, from which such a distinguished chief absented himself, he sent by a messenger the following speech, to be delivered to Lord Dunmore :

" I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, ' Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is to mourn for Logan? Not one."

COURAGE OF KING EDGAR.

KENETH, King of Scotland, who was strong and very robust in his person, and apt to be boastful in his cups, happened on one of those occasions to vilify Edgar, then King of England, (who was of a diminutive stature) expressing his surprize, that so many brave men, and such an extent of territory, should be awed into such reverence and subjection by such a pigmy.

This insult reached the ears of Edgar, who immediately sent for Keneth, he being then in England; and under some pretext drew him alone into a wood; when he expostulated with the haughty Scot on the freedom he had used with him; and drawing from beneath his garments two swords, bade Keneth take his choice; at the same time saying, that personal courage did not depend on the strength of the muscles, or the

external advantages of nature. The Scotch monarch, abashed at the justness of the reproach, and ashamed of his previous behaviour, in the most submissive manner laid the whole blame on the liquor he had drank. Edgar, generous as brave, waved the actual trial of bodily superiority; though not till he had convinced his brother king, that *length* and *thickness* is but a very fallible index of what a man can accomplish, when aided by the courage of the mind.

HUMANITY AND GRATITUDE.

IN the last war between the Russians and Prussians, Count Romanzow entered Pomerania, having orders to burn all the villages of that country. His humanity however, restrained him from committing such cruel devastations; and though the internal pleasure of having preserved the fortunes, and even lives, of thousands of the devoted inhabitants, was of itself a delicious reward to a mind like his, he had the additional satisfaction to receive from Gratitude a public tribute, which it was solicitous to pay. The Pomeranians advanced some months after this, to meet the grand duke; but it was in the hope of seeing their humane protector the count; and the instant they approached him, they fell at his feet, calling him their tutelary god, and weeping for joy. At this token of regard and sensibility, the vanquisher of the Turks melted into tears; and the grand duke, affected with the scene, exclaimed with exquisite vivacity, "Would to God, I were Romanzow at this moment."

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

THE Duchess of Burgundy, a princess of the House of Savoy, (wife to the grandson of Lewis the Fourteenth) had her fortune told her before her departure from Italy; when it was predicted she would die at the age of twenty-seven. This prediction made a strong impression on her mind, and consequently formed the frequent subject of her conversation. She one day said to her husband, "As the hour of my dissolution is now drawing near, and I know you will not be able to live without a wife, as well on account of your rank, as of your religious principles; I should be glad to know whom it is your intention to marry?" "I hope," answered the duke, "that God will never inflict so severe a punishment on me, as to deprive me of you: but should I experience such a misfortune, I should not, most certainly, think of taking a second wife; since, being unable to support your death, I should follow you in less than a week." The duke kept his

his word, dying of grief on the seventh day after the decease of the duchess, which took place at the time specified by the predictions.

STORY OF A CHINESE EMPEROR.

VOUTI, emperor of China, was passionately fond of the occult sciences. An impostor, availing himself of this foible, brought him an elixir, exhorting him to drink it, and assuring him that it would render him immortal. One of his ministers, who was present, having in vain attempted to undeceive him, hastily snatched the cup, and drank the liquor. The emperor, enraged at this insult, ordered the mandarin to be put to death. The honest minister, not in the least disconcerted, said to him, "If the elixir bestows immortality, all your efforts to put me to death will be useless; and if it does not, surely you will not be guilty of such an act of injustice for so insignificant a theft." This speech pacified the emperor, who afterwards highly commended him for his fortitude in the cause of truth, in opposition to imposture.

MULY MOLUC.—A TALE.

WHEN Don Sebastian king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable: however, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army, in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture, without scarcely a groan.

THE AMERICAN FARMER;

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, TO HIS FRIEND.

I THANK God that my lot is to be an American farmer, instead of a Russian boor, or an Hungarian peasant. It is strange, that misery, when viewed in others, should become to us a sort of real good. The hardships of these people is certainly greater than those which our negroes experience. — When young, I thought of selling my farm, because it afforded but a dull repetition of the same labours and pleasures. But when I considered myself as divested of my farm, I imagined the world so wide, and every habitable place so full, that I began to fear, lest there would be no room for me. My farm, my house, my barn, presented objects from which I adduced quite new ideas; ideas more forcible than before. Why should I not find myself more happy, said I, where my father lived and died in prosperity. Though he gave me no other education than the art of reading and writing, he left me a good farm — and his experience; free from debts, and other difficulties. I married; and this perfectly reconciled me to my situation: my wife rendered my house all at once cheerful and pleasing; it no longer appeared gloomy and solitary as before. When I went to work in the fields, I worked with more alacrity; I felt that I did not work for myself alone, and this encouraged me much.

My wife would often come with her knitting in her hand, and sit under the shady trees, praising the straightness of my furrows, and the docility of my horses. This swelled my heart; and I regretted that I had not married before. I knew no other land lord than the Lord of all land, to whom I owe the most sincere gratitude.

My father left me three hundred and seventy-one acres of land, forty of which are good timothy meadow, an excellent orchard,* a good house, and a substantial barn. How happy am I that he lived to build, and to pay for all his improvements! As my difficulties are less than his, I have but to tread his paths, to be as good as he was. I know enough of the law to regulate my concerns with propriety; nor do I dread its power.

These are the grand out-lines of my situation; but as I can feel much more than I am able to express, I hardly know how to proceed. When my first son was born, the whole train of my ideas was suddenly altered; never was there a charm that acted so quickly and powerfully: I ceased to ramble in imagination through the wide world; my excursions since have not exceeded the bounds of my farm, and all my principal pleasures

fires are now centered within its scanty limits; but at the same time there is not an operation belonging to it in which I do not find some food for useful reflections. This is the reason, I suppose, that, when you was here, you used, in your refined style, to term me *the farmer of feelings*: but how rude must those feelings be in him who daily holds the axe or the plough! Those feelings, however, I will delineate as well as I am able, agreeable to your earnest request.

When I contemplate my wife, by my fire-side, while she either spins, knits, darns, or suckles our child, I cannot describe the various emotions of love, of gratitude, of conscious pride, which thrill in my heart; and often overflow in involuntary tears. It is true these pleasing images vanish with the smoke of my pipe; but though they disappear from my mind, the impression they have made on my heart is indelible. When I play with the infant, my warm imagination runs forward, and eagerly anticipates his future temper and constitution.—Whenever I go abroad, it is always involuntary; I never return home without feeling some pleasing emotion, which I often suppress as useless and foolish. The moment I enter on my own land, the bright idea of property, of exclusive right, of independence, exalt my mind. Precious soil, I say to myself, by what singular custom of law is it that thou wast made to constitute the riches of the freholder!

Often, when I plough my low ground, I place my little boy on a chair which screws to the beam of the machine; its motion, and that of the horses, please him; he is perfectly happy, and begins to chat. As I lean over the handle, various are the thoughts which crowd into my mind. I am now doing for him, I say, what my father formerly did for me: may God enabled him to live, that he may perform the same operations, for the same purposes, when I am worn out and old! I relieve his mother of some trouble while I have him with me; the odoriferous furrow exhilarates his spirits, and seems to do the child a great deal of good, for he looks more blooming since I have adopted that practice. Can more pleasure, more dignity, be added to that primary occupation? The father thus ploughing with his child, and to feed his family, is inferior only to the Emperor of China, ploughing as an example to his kingdom.

FREDERICK II. KING OF PRUSIA.—A TALE.

THE night after the battle (of Torgau) was very cold, and the troops made great fires to warm themselves. Towards the morning, the king passed on horse back along the front of the line

line from the left wing to the right. When he came to the regiment of guards he alighted, and warmed himself in the midst of his regiment and of his grenadiers; and in this manner waited for the break of the day, intending to attack the Austrians again, if they should not have retreated, which the darkness of the night made it impossible to discover. He entered into conversation with the grenadiers, and bestowed much praise on the courage they had shewn in the action. The grenadiers, who were no strangers to his goodness and affability, continued to crowd around him; when one of them of the name of Rebiac, to whom the king most frequently addressed himself, and to whom he had often given money, had the boldness to ask him, "Where he had been during the battle.—In general," said he, "you lead us where the fire is hottest; but this time nobody saw you, and it is not well to abandon us." The king answered, with an air of good humour and kindness, that during the whole action he had been with the left of the army, which had prevented his placing himself at the head of his regiment. While he was saying this, he unbuttoned his waistcoat, on account of the heat, and the grenadiers remarked that a musket ball, which he had received on his clothes, fell to the ground. The hole the ball had made in his furtout and coat was easy to be seen; and the soldiers, seized with a spirit of enthusiasm, cried out, "You are still our old Fritz! You share every danger with us! we will die for you! God save the king! God save the king!"

A STORY of Mrs. GORDON.

THE great aunt of Lord Huntley, Mrs. Gordon, was my tirewoman for a great number of years, says the widow of Monsieur. She was a singular character, and for ever in a reverie. One day, intending to seal a letter in bed, she put the burning wax upon her thigh, and pressing the seal upon it, at last discovered her mistake, and cried out most terribly. Frequently, when she brought me my head-dress to go to court, she put her gloves upon my head, and her hands in my cap. She had also an unusual custom of unbuttoning the waistcoats of gentlemen to whom she was speaking. Monsieur, my husband, sent her one day to carry a message to the Chevalier de Behvron, the captain of his guards, a man remarkably tall. As she was a very little woman, she could not reach his waistcoat, and was obliged to unbutton his other small clothes. The captain started back with astonishment: "For heaven's sake, Madam," said he, "what are you about?" All who were at that time in the hall of Cloud were highly diverted at the circumstance.

HENRY

HENRY THE FOURTH OF FRANCE.—A TALE.

IN the month of December, about the year 1594, the king was returning from Picardy to Paris, booted and spurred: being within a chamber at Louvre, and having with him his cousins, the Prince of Conte, the Earl of Soissons, and thirty or forty other lords and gentlemen of his court, there came in also the Lords of Ragne and Montigni, who had not yet taken leave of his majesty. While he was receiving them, and in a most affable and princely manner bidding them farewell, a young stripling, about eighteen years of age, son to a draper in Paris, who had slid into the room unperceived, advanced opposite to the king, and instantly endeavoured to stab him in the body with a knife which he had prepared for the purpose; but his majesty being at that moment remarkably solicitous to raise the lords who were on their knees, he received the stroke on the upper-jaw of the right side of the face, driving out one of his teeth. The culprit being immediately seized by the captain of the guard, threw his knife to the ground, and confessed the enormity of his intention. The king, however, with a greatness of mind rarely to be equalled, said to the captain, "Let him go, I *freely* forgive him!" But afterwards understanding that this youth was a scholar to the Jesuits, who secretly held that it was lawful to disobey and even to destroy the king, while he remained under excommunication, it was judged expedient to bring him to trial; and he was punished in this manner: he was conveyed to the place of execution holding up the fatal knife; the hand which gave the blow was first cut off; after which the flesh of his arms and thighs was gradually torn off with burning pincers: four horses were fastened to different parts of his body, who, pulling in position to each other, of course tore the miserable wretch to pieces, which were thrown together into a large fire, consumed to ashes, and scattered to the wind.

STRIKING MAGNANIMITY OF A BRITISH SAILOR,
LAST WAR, ON SCALING FORT OMOA, BELONG-
ING TO THE SPANIARDS.

A DETACHMENT of British seaman being about to scale the walls of Fort Omoa, a sailor, inspired with an uncommon share of courage, scrambled singly over the wall; and, to deal execution with the best prospect of success, armed himself with

two cutlasses, one in each hand. Thus prepared, he met a Spanish officer just roused from sleep, who, in a hurry and confusion which prevailed, had forgot his sword. This circumstance instantly restrained the fury of the British hero, who, disdaining an unarmed foe, presented him with one of his weapons, crying, "I scorn any pitiful advantage: you are now on an equal footing with me!" The astonishment of the Spaniard at such an act of matchless generosity, when, from the uncouth and hostile appearance of the seaman, he expected to be hewn to pieces, could be equalled only by the admiration of his countrymen, when he informed them of the godlike motive which had contributed to his preservation. He could not encounter the arm that might have crushed him without resistance; he became a prisoner; nor was it long before the garrison surrendered, making no other terms than for their lives.

INSTANCE

OF A REMARKABLE CONTINENT. — A TALE.

THE soldiers, after the taking of New Carthage, brought before Scipio Africanus, a young lady of such beauty, that she attracted the eyes of all wherever she went. Scipio, by enquiring concerning her country and parents, among other things learned, that she was betrothed to Allucious, prince of the Celtiberians. He immediately ordered her parents and the bridegroom to be sent for. In the mean time he was informed, that the young prince was so excessively enamoured of his bride, that he could not survive her. For this reason, as soon as he appeared, and before he spoke to her parents, he took great care to talk with him. "As you and I are both young," said he, "We can converse together with great freedom. When your bride, who had fallen into the hands of my soldiers, was brought before me, I was informed that you loved her passionately; and, in truth, her perfect beauty left me no room to doubt it. If I were at liberty to indulge a youthful passion, I mean honourable and lawful wedlock, and were not solely engrossed by the affairs of my public, I might have hoped to have been pardoned by exclusive love for so charming a mistress. But as I am situated, and have it in my power, with pleasure I promote your happiness. Your future spouse has met with as civil and modest treatment from me, as if she had been amongst her own parents, who are soon to be yours too. I have kept her pure, in order to have it in my power to make you a present worthy of you and of me. The only return I ask of you for this favour is, that you will be a friend to the
Roman

Roman people; and that if you believe me to be a man of worth, as the states of Spain formerly experienced my father and uncle to be, you may know there are many in Rome who resemble us; and that there are not a people in the universe whom you ought less to desire to be an enemy, or more a friend, to you or yours." The youth, covered with blushes, and full of joy, embraced Scipio's hands, praying the immortal gods to reward him, as he himself was not capable to do it in the degree he himself desired, or he deserved. Then the parents and relations of the virgin were called. They had brought a great sum of money to ransom her: but seeing her restored without it, they began to beg Scipio to except that sum as a present; protesting they would acknowledge it as a favour, as much as they did the restoring the virgin without injury offered to her. Scipio, unable to resist their importunate solicitations, told them, he accepted it; and ordering it to be laid at his feet, thus addressed Allucius: "To the portion you are to receive from your father-in-law, I add this, and beg you would accept it as a nuptial present." So he desired him to take up the gold, and keep it for himself. Transported with joy at the presents and honour conferred on him, he returned home, and expatiated to his countrymen on the merits of Scipio. "There is come amongst us," said he, "a young hero like the gods, who conquers all things, as well by generosity and beneficence, as by arms." For this reason, having raised troops among his own subjects, he returned a few days after to Scipio with a body of fourteen hundred horse.

DIONYSIUS THE TYRANT.—A TALE.

DIONYSIUS, the tyrant of Sicily, shewed how far he was from being happy, even whilst he abounded in riches, and all the pleasure which riches can procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his power, his treasures, and the magnificence of his royal state, and affirming, that no man was greater nor happier than he. "Have you a mind, Damocles," says the king, "to taste this happiness, and know, by experience, what my enjoyments are, of which you have so high an idea?" Damocles gladly accepted the offer: Upon which the king ordered, that a royal banquet should be prepared, and a gilded couch placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and sideboards loaded with gold and silver plate of immense value. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to wait on him at table, and to obey his commands with the greatest readiness and the most profound submission. Neither bintments, chaplets of flowers, nor rich perfumes, were wanting. The
table

table was loaded with the most exquisite delicacies of every kind. Damocles fancied himself amongst the gods. In the midst of all his happiness, he sees, let down from the roof exactly over his neck, as he lay indulging himself in state, a glittering sword hung by a single hair. The sight of destruction thus threatening him from on high, soon put a stop to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendance, and the glitter of the carved plate, give him no longer any pleasure. He dreads to stretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the chaplet of roses. He hastens to remove from his dangerous situation; and at last begs the king to restore him to his former humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer such a dreadful kind of happiness.

AN ACCOUNT of VALENTINE and UNNION:—A STORY.

AT the siege of Namur, by the allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by Captain Pincet, in Colonel Frederic Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion, a corporal, and one Valentine, a private centinel: there happened between these two men a dispute about an affair of love, which, upon some aggravations, grew to an irreconcilable hatred. Unnion being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The centinel bore it without resistance; but frequently said, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months in this manner, the one injuring, the other complaining; when, in the midst of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal recived a shot in the thigh, and fell; the French pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy, "Ah, Valentine! can you leave me here?" Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French, took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all the danger as far as the abbey of Salsine, where a cannon-ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off.—Unnion immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcase, crying, "Ah, Valentine! was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee." He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dressed by force; but the next day, still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse.

F I N I S .